

Eng. Poetry vol. 40.

V E R S E S

Occasioned by

Mr. *WARBURTON*'s

L A T E E D I T I O N

O F

Mr. *POPE*'s W O R K S.

*Multa poetarum veniet manus auxilio quæ
Sit———* H O R A T .



L O N D O N :

Printed for M. COOPER in *Pater-noster-Row*.
MDCCLI.

V E R S E S

Occasioned by

MR. WARBURTON'S

LATE EDITION

OF

MR. POLYDORUS



Maria Polidori, gentis, manu, et studio
H. A. T.

L O N D O N :

Printed for M. Cooper in Pall-mall.

By APOLLO and the MUSES.

A PROCLAMATION.

WHEREAS good learning was design'd
To cultivate the human mind,
To polish thought, and temper strife,
And finish the fair arts of life :

Whereas too all the world has known
That one call'd *William Warburton*
Set himself up with tongue and pen
To give the law to learned men,
And proud of his false depth in letters
Dealt insolently with his betters,
(Which *Tully* elegantly says
Is every late-learn'd pedant's case)
While soft reproof, and treatment civil,
Did but inflame the native evil,
Till answering argument with railing,
And friend and foe by turns assailing,
Fierce as ten *Hockley-hole* commanders
At large the new *Draw-can-sir* wanders ;
Plucks all he meets with by the nose,
And copious dirt at random throws,

With Round-house wit, and *Wapping* choler,
Disgraceful to the name of scholar :

KNOW therefore ye who serve the Muses
In Church, Court, College, in both Houses,
Or of whate'er denomination,
That by this publick Proclamation
We charge you all without delay
To put each other work away,
Each private quarrel to forgo
And join against the common foe.

Let S* the chastisement resume
Of all his wrongs to *Greece* and *Rome* ;
Of eastern spoils let G* disrobe
The persecutor of poor *Job* ;
And U** from the *Stoic* page
Rebuke the mock-heroic sage ;
And *Webb* at Candor's common Session
Present the Answerer by Profession.

Come ^{urton} *Johnny* B** let great K *ing*
His *Latin* to the *Cocoa* sing,

And

And here direct thy classic strokes,
Here *Tully's* fire, and *Plautus'* jokes.

Come ^{*idolator*} M*** you'll find it best
To let my Lord of L*** ^{*London*} rest,
And here indulge your *Attic* laugh
Where even the Church will go your half.

Friend W* too, you shall now declare,
And rouse good *Edwards* to the War,
Whose name first sounded these alarms,
Whom nothing can excuse from arms,
While the Great Critic's *Irish* lore
Calls out for twenty Canons more.

And you too ^{*kinside*} A*** at last
Pray do him right for favours past,
Learn from your *Plato's* sportive toil
To trail a Sophist through his foil;
And hunt the clumsy prowler down
With his tame jackall Parson*.

And D**, though your former chafings
He meekly bore with prudent patience,

Yet

Yet if your friend cry, " Hark away! "
 You must e'en join the jolly lay.

And *H * ** be not over-wary,
 But challenge your own Commentary,
 Teach the dull jester to descry
 Fair humour from a *Grub-street* lie,
 And let him curse those coxcomb fits
 That made him * *have to do with Wits*.

Come on, and all in triumph join
 To deck your offering at the shrine,
 While false pretence, and foul ill-nature,
 The common hate, and common hater,
 Is now consign'd to righteous laughter,
 Doom'd on himself to prey hereafter ;
 Or (that his editorial noddle
 May *Milton's* verse like *Shakespear's* model,
 Enjoying still one meet applauder)
 To study Epic under *LAWDER*.

* This it is to have to do with Wits, a commerce unworthy of so profound a Critic. * *Dunciad*.

A S I M I L E.

When *Warburton* with all his learning,
By reason foil'd, to slander turning,

His conqueror bespatters;
With scorn each graver writer then
Lays by a while his useless pen,
Nor meddles in such matters.
And shall he then unanswer'd go?

The Muses gayer sons cry no,
And with deserved satire,
Ode, sonnet, epigram, and song
Burst forth, and drown his clamorous tongue
In rattling peals of laughter.

So have I seen, at *Southwark* Fair,
With harmless rage a muzzled Bear
Grow madder still and madder,
Till tired at last he yields his breath,
Not hunted down, but teaz'd to death
With wheel-barrow and bladder.

HORAT. EPOD. X.

MALA soluta navis exit alite,
 Ferens olentem Mævium.

Ut horridis utrumque verberes latus

Auster memento fluctibus.

Niger rudentes Eurus, inverso mari,

Fractosque remos differat.

Infurgat Aquilo, quantus altis montibus

Frangit trementes ilices.

HORACE, EPODE X.

Imitated.

ILL-fated *Dunciad* ! must thy worth
(Debasement vile !) at last come forth

T'uphold a brawling Pedant ?

From *Queen-street* south of *Bedford-Row*

^a E * * with many a well-placed blow,

Thou know'st the art, his head wound.

^b U * * from Eastern *Rocheſter*

Row up, and from this snappiſh Cur

Draw out the teeth I prithee.

From Northern *Hamſtead* A * * *

Thy ^c Pegasus poſt haſte beſtride,

But bring thy Horſe-whip with thee.

^a A celebrated Maſter of the noble ſcience of defence.

^b A noted Operator, who has been employed by ſeveral of the firſt rank of all ages with much approbation, and without any ill conſequence to his patients.

^c An excellent ſteed, and mounted by a rider perfectly well ſkilled in the manage, who has therefore no need of his horſe-whip, unleſs when he would correct the filthy insolence of Car-men and Scavengers.

Nec fidus atra nocte amicum appareat,

Qua tristis Orion cadit.

Quietiore nec feratur æquore,

Quàm Graja victorum manus :

Cùm Pallas usto vertit iram ab Ilio

In impiam Ajacis ratem.

O quantus instat navitis sudor tuis,

Tibique pallor luteus,

Et illa non virilis ejulatio,

Preces & aversum ad Jovem :

Ionius udo cum remugiens sinu

Noto carinam ruperit.

No longer shines that brilliant star,
Which whilom from the West afar
Shot forth his beaming light :
At *Twickenham* now no flattering court
Can buy thee undeserv'd support,
POPE's sunk, and all is' night.

Unquiet times expect to meet,
Dull Pedant, such as erst did greet
That *Dunciad* Critic band,
When warm from *Homer's* glowing page
Great POPE with mock-heroic rage
'Gainst *Theobald* turn'd his brand.

How blushes now each silent friend,
Who wo'n't condemn, yet can't defend ?
While you with malice pale
Bereft of wit and argument ;
Such ribbald Dullness only vent
As fish-wives when they rail.

Opima quod si præda curvo littore

Porrecta mergos juveris,

Libidinosus immolabitur caper,

Et agna tempestatibus.

O, when on "*Error's winding shore*"
 Expos'd thou liest, and rail'st no more,
 Which soon must be thy case ;
 To injured POPE's great Manes then
 The proper Offering shall be slain,
 A *Dunciad* Owl and Afs.

S I M I L E S

On the last Edition of POPE's Works.

AS on the margin of *Tbames'* silver flood
 Stand little, *necessary* piles of wood,
 So POPE's fair page appears with notes disgrac'd;
 Pull down the nuisances, ye Men of Taste.

Another.

TO Dulness sacred POPE a Temple rear'd,
 And *Warburton* with notes the work besmear'd ;
 So, set apart for purposes divine
Wren's buildings rise with beauty and design,
 But Black-guard Dunces with indecent scrawls
 And filth obscene pollute the sacred walls.

Another

Another.

YOU've seen, when Gentlefolks repair
With musick on the silver *Thames*,

An empty scull, without a fare,

Paddling about, and calling names ;

So *Warburton* his scandal flings,

Creeps sneakingly about *POPE's* muse,

Regards not what the Poet sings,

But scribbles merely to abuse.

Another.

CLOSE to the Grotto of the *Twickenham* Bard
Too close—adjoins a Tanner's yard ;

So Verse and Prose are to each other tied,

So *Warburton* and *POPE* allied.

EPIGRAMS.

Verses applicable to Warburton.

Think on't a while, & thou wilt quickly find
Thy Body made for Labour, not Thy mind.
No other use of Paper thou shouldst make,
Than carrying Loads & Reams upon thy back.
Carry vast Burthens till thy Shoulders shrink
But curst be he that gives thee Pen & Ink.
Such dangerous weapons should be kept from Fools,
As Nurses from their Children keep edge-Fools.

Orydens Wife. pt. 4. p. 302.

(16)

EPIGRAMS.

DUNCIAD Book I. at the End.

YE little Wits that gleam'd awhile
When POPE vouchsaf'd his ray,
Alas ! depriv'd of his kind smile
How soon ye fade away !
To compass *Phæbus*' car about
Thus empty vapors rise :
Each lends his cloud to put him out
That rear'd him to the skies.
Alas those skies are not your sphere,
There shall he ever burn :
Weep, weep, and fall ! for earth ye were,
And must to earth return.

BOOK II.

The craven Rook, and pert Jack-daw
(Though neither birds of moral kind)
Yet serve, if hang'd, or stuff'd with straw,
To shew us which way blows the wind :
Thus dirty knaves or chattering fools
Strung up by dozens in thy lay ;
Teach more by half than *Dennis*' rules,
And point instruction every way.

Old EPIGRAMS new pointed.

I.

THOU little Wit, who gleam'dst awhile,
 When POPE vouchsafed his ray
 Alas! depriv'd of his fond smile
 How soon thou fadest away!
 With comments thick his works about
 (Int'rest in Friendship's guise)
 Thou lend'st thy cloud to put him out
 That rear'd thee to the skies.
 Alas! he shines in nobler day,
 His flowers where Muses gather,
 And leaves thee here to melt away
 In mist and foggy weather.

II.

The Black-bird sweet, and charming Thrush,
 That such enchanting music make,
 Are by the Miser's gun made hush
 Because they scorn his cherry-clack.
 Thus scholars deep and critics true,
 Popp'd at by thee, thou mere verse-scanner,
 The Poacher only serve to shew
 Unqualify'd in *Pindus'* Mannor.

With Ægypt's art thy pen may strive,
 One potent drop let this but shed ;
 And every rogue that stunk alive,
 Becomes a precious mummy dead.

III.

IN merry old England it once was a rule,
 The King had his Poet, and also his Fool ;
 But now we're so frugal, I'd have you to know it,
 That *Cibber* can serve both for Fool and for Poet.

IV.

WHILE malice, POPE, denies thy page
 It's own celestial fire,
 While Critics, and while Bards in rage
 Admiring wo'n't admire,
 While wayward pens thy worth assail,
 And envious tongues decry,
 These times though many a friend bewail,
 These times bewail not I:
 But when the world's loud praise is thine,
 And spleen no more shall blame,
 When with thy *Homer* thou shalt shine
 In one establish'd fame ;
 When none shall rail, and every lay
 Devote a wreath to thee ;
 That day (for come it will) that day
 Shall I lament to see.

With drugs thy friendship's ink may strive,
 Which with the life destroys the looks ;
 Names ne'er so sacred while alive
 Are kill'd and maim'd when in thy books.

III.

THE Prophet of old for his friend to inherit
 Left behind him his cloke and his heavenly spirit ;
 But POPE to *his* Friend, and there's truth in the joke,
 Left none of his *Spirit* along with his Cloke.

IV.

WHEN a too easy world lets pass
 Thy vile infernal phlegm,
 When Candor with a careless face
 Condemning wo'n't condemn ;
 When fawning Clerks in critic skill
 Thy victories upcry,
 And fearful friends say what you will,
 Among those friends not I :
 But now the world's loud hiss is thine,
 Nor Candor longer dozes,
 Now Truth tries every scurril line
 To *Julian* down from *Moses*.
 Now all-tongues rail, and every lay
 Is arm'd with stings for thee ;
 This day (and come it is) this day
 Do I exult to see.

DEAR *Welsted*, mark in dirty hole
That painful animal, a Mole :

Above ground never born to go,
What mighty stir it keeps below ?
To make a mole-hill all this strife !
It digs, pokes, undermines for life ;
How proud a little dirt to spread !
Conscious of nothing o'er its head,
Till labouring on, for want of eyes
It blunders into light and dies.

DEAR *William*, mark, some starry night
 That paper-animal a Kite,
 With shining lanthorn at it's tail
 High o'er our heads 'tis seen to sail :
 The school-boy-genius proud appears,
 And thinks his Work outshines the Spheres,
 Till Pedagogue soon comes his rounds,
 And finds young Master *out of bounds*,
 The pack thread cuts, applies the switch,
 And sends him home with bloody breech.

So when thou takest thy cloudy flight,
 Seen only by great *Shakespear's* light,
 Comes *Edwards* with his Critic sheers,
 Down drops the Kite and disappears.

Mr. *Warburton's* note on Mr. *Edwards* in the IV
 Book of the *Dunciad* epigrammatically noted.

Note on Verse 567. p. 66. 12mo. Ed. 1749.

Her children first of more distinguish'd sort,
 Who study *Shakespear* at the Inns of Court.

Ill would that Scholiast discharge his duty who
 should neglect to honour those whom DULNESS has
 distinguish'd, or suffer them to be forgotten, when their
 own rare modesty would have left them nameless (*).
 Let

Let us not therefore overlook the services which have been done her cause by one Mr. *Thomas Edwards*, a Gentleman, as he is pleased to call himself, of *Lincoln's-Inn*, but in reality a Gentleman only of the *Dunciad* ^(b), or to speak him better, in the plain language of our honest Ancestors to such Mushrooms ^(c), a Gentleman of the last Edition ^(b): who nobly eluding the solicitude of his careful Father ^(d), very early retained himself in the cause of Dulness against *Shakespeare* ^(e), and hath now happily finished the Dunces's progress in personal abuse. For a Libeller is nothing but a *Grubstreet* Critic run to feed. Scribl. WARB.

— whom Dulness has distinguished—when their own rare modesty would have left them nameless ^(a)

A Fool, t'immortalize his name,
Set *Dian's Church* all in a flame:
To feats more flagrant you aspire,
A Church more sacred dare to fire,
G—s about your ears you pull
To be distinguishedly dull.
What Wits, Clerks, Critics could I name,
Whom Impudence has damn'd to Fame!

—a Gentleman of the *Dunciad* or——a Gentleman of the last Edition ^(b)

To thy own sentence, *William*, bow,
Butt of thine own derision,
Gentleman of the Dunciad * Thou,
And of the last Edition.

* Made the Heroe of the New Book of the *Dunciad*.

—to

——to such Mushrooms (c)

Mushroom ! O ill-judg'd simile !

A Mushroom's of high quality,

Boast of the *French*, as of our Nation,

A Gentleman of *Taste* and Fashion,

Receiv'd at Tables of the Great,

Prefer'd in place, and serv'd in Plate,

For ever in the mouth of Earls;

Though lost on thee, on swine as pearls.

This Mushroom you are pleas'd to stew,

This *Mushroom* has made *Sawce* for you.

He's meat, thou'rt poison — plain enough

If he's a *Mushroom*, thou'rt a *Puff*.

——who nobly eluding the solicitude of his careful Father (d)

If *Edwards* leaves his legal toils

He basely quits his station ;

But if a Priest old *Shakespear* spoils,

'Tis by *Divine Legation*.

——early retained himself in the cause of *Dulness* against
Shakespear (e)

Whoe'er dares write 'gainst his opinion

Will ships for *Dulness*'s dominion

The sawcy book his Notes that mauls

He *Dulness* against *Shakespear* calls :

Just so, of old, confuted Priest
 Roar'd out, BEN HOADLY *against* CHRIST!
 When BEN, for all this bold attainer,
 Was in good truth his best Defender.

Answer not, *Edwards*, this Obscene,
 But have the wit to keep you clean;
 A Linkboy may defeat a Sword-man,
 And thou be foil'd by this *Tom* —
 If you return such filth as his'n is
 You but attack him in *his business*;
 Or say what is there to commend in't
 If he's bedawb'd, that you've a hand in't.

F I N I S.



